By IZOLA FORRESTER

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The first recollection Derrick had o

her was very bazy. There had been the fight outside of Kid Murray's. He remembered that, every detail of it. For nearly a week he had been waiting for it to come off, on a tip from the union secretary. And it had all come true. The very night that Barker had landed from Pittsburg they had prepared his reception in memory of the speeches he had made before the coal barons. He had been faithless, Barker had. He had dallied and parleyed and dined and hobnobbed and, as Murray said, played the fool generally, and the wine of it all had made him heady, and this while thousands of strikers waited on his word and their children and wives waited for daily bread.

It was not wise of Barker. Even Derrick could see that, and Derrick was merely reporter for what Murray called the "pink sheet." So the night that Barker returned to make his explanatory address in Central hall Derrick was on hand to see the fun. He saw it. Not only that, but he was right down in the middle of it, and when the boys made a dash for Barker as he tried to glide out the back window he went with them, not knowing exactly why, but crazy with the sight of the running fox, like the rest of the bounds.

They eaught him outside of Murray's, and those who could not get their hands on him began to throw things. Some of the things went astray, and when the melee was cleared and Barker had been thrown up by the tide into an ambulance Derrick, the "pink sheet" reporter, was beside faintly riotous sense of victory, as he dropped into unconsciousness, of having got a "beat" on the other papers.

But the "beat" never came out, because for days the "pink sheet" reporter lay up at Bellevue, and the world spun round him in gray circles like a view of the fifth eaven. Then gradually out of the chiling grayness he distinguished one shape that came and went with nore tangibility than the other dreams. And one morning he opened his eyes and saw two real objects clearly; without the gray film. They were Nurse Helen and Barker.

Barker lay a couple of beds away from him. He could see the face on the pillow. The redness had left it, and some of the unctuous mildness. The outline of the profile looked harsh and almost forcible against the white pillow. And he was asleep.

Derrick glanced up at the nurse. She was dressing the wound on his head swiftly, deftly, easily, impersonally. A ward surgeon in white came by, stopped and bent forward to examine the

"He can leave tomorrow," he said briefly and went on.

And suddenly Derrick changed his mind. He did not want to leave. He wanted to stay there forever and let this girl in gray and white pat him and wrap him up and ease him. Then be thought of Barker.

"Is he badly hurt?" he asked. The nurse looked startled for an instant. At least her eyes lost their impersonal look and met those of Derrick. Then she understood.

"Yes. He will not be out for several weeks," she said quietly.

Derrick remembered swiftly. Several weeks! That would carry him past the 10th, and the 10th was the decisive day in Pittshurg. And if Barker were not on hand at that arbitration meeting to dally and parley and fool around generally something definite might result. There was only one man to send in his place, Strogund, and if Strogund went there would be no parley, no fooling. He would win the strike.

"Have I been here long?" he asked, The nurse was clearing the table beside the bed of bandages and bottles. Derrick noticed that her bair was reddish brown beneath her cap. He could see the little curls around the edges. "Two weeks ago yesterday you were brought in," she replied. "It is the

Derrick tried to sit up in bed. "Two weeks!" he gasped and dropped

heavily back on his pillow. "You must not do that," said the girl

severely. "You have had a high fever and are still very weak. Don't you sit

circling, wheeling, waving, until he could not stop himself and was lost in its void. When he awakened it was night. There were two figures standing beside him, the girl nurse and an

"He is worse," the girl was saying. "Dr. Ingraham said he might leave tomorrow. I will be on again at 7. You had better not let them take him before Ingraham sees him again."

"Nurse." It was barely above a whisper, but she heard and came to the bedside. "Will you send a telephone message

for me?" "To your friends?" The nurse was used to such requests, and this partieular patient had seemed particularly

"Yes." Derrick tried to think clearly, to keep his grip on things before the grayness should come again, "Call up 3008 Main, ask for the "City" roomfor Yates. Tell him that Barker is laid up in Bellevue with a smashed head and can't go to Fitisburg tomorrow. Tell him-oh, hang it, if I could only get on the wire for half a minute!" "You must not excite yourself," said

the mirse calmly. "You could not possibly travel to Pittsburg tomorrow. You must be quiet and not worry."

Derrick stared at her. She thought he was Barker. And her eyes were dark blue, almost hazel, and she was

"I will send the message tenight, she sald and walked away.

And Derrick smiled for the first time in many days and went to sleep without the gray void around him. She would keep her word. Yates would attend to the rest. They would be able to follow up the tip. He wondered vaguely which of the boys would be sent to Pittsburg to cover the barons' end of the story, and then he smiled again, remembering the little nurse with the close curved lips and dark blue eyes who thought that he was

The next day Yates came to see him, Yates himself, clean shaven and cold blooded, but with the glimmer of appreciation in his eyes as he saw Barker two beds away.

"It went in this morning," he told Derrick. "There has been a general kickup over Barker's disappearance. Some said he was dead. But they thought he was simply laying low, to turn up high and dry at the meeting. Now they've sent Strogund since the extra came out."

Derrick grinned happily. He had had an idea it would be that way. And Barker was watching them, grimly, understandingly, his face looking oddly incongruous in its halo of white bandages. Yates nodded to him. "Badly knocked out, Barker?" he

asked pleasantly. "But not done for yet," muttered Barker.

When he rose to go Yates gripped Derrick's hand. "It was a very decent, timely thing

to do, Derry," he said. "The old man That was all, but it left Derrick radiantly joyous. When the nurse came around he couldn't help it. He had to tell some one and he told her while she dressed his head. It was after 6 then. At 7 she went off duty for the

smiling, too, and her eyes were bright. "I am glad for you. Yesterday thought that you were Barker, and I didn't want to send the message. am from Pittsburg, and we know about Barker there," she added seriously.

"But you sent it?" "I knew it didn't matter so long as

Derrick laughed. The dear, delicious, foolish denseness of her. Didn't matter! He boked over at Barker and rejoiced over the smashed head that did

"They had an extra out again tonight," the little nurse was saying. "The strike has been settled by arbitration, but the strikers won.'

"God bless Strogund!" said Derrick fervently, and Barker heard him. The nurse added gently:

"You are to leave in the morning, perhaps before I come on. Don't work hard at first and you'll be all right. "What's your name, nurse from Pitts-

burg?" asked Derrick, looking up at he dark blue eyes. She flushed. It is against the rules

for nurses to flirt with fellow nurses or doctors in Bellevue, but they have not passed any rule barring patients as "Helen," she said-"Helen Hay

"Mine's Derrick-Wilfred Derrick. He lowered his voice so that Barker could not hear. "I'm going to see you, Nurse Helen, after I get out of this place femorrow, because you and I broke that strike. You don't know how we did it, but I do, and I think you're a brick. May I, Nurse Helen?"

"Yes," said Nurse Helen under her breath. And Derrick held one of the slim white hands close to his lips and kissed It. There was no one to deny him, for Bellevue had not barred love from the patients yet, and Barker was looking the other way.

The Power of a Ring.

She was homely and to most persons unattractive, yet as she entered the train a sort of halo seemed to surround her as one set apart from common mortals. There was no indication of exceptional talent, ability or endowment about her, no evidence of superiority, but a certain indefinable distinction. It was not quite an air of conquest, though suggestive of satisfactory achievement. She bore her head high and wore a Buddha-like expression of

Only a moment was she settled in her seat when off came her gloves, and then the key to the problem was evi-She went on, and Derrick closed his | dent. The long, joyous look bestowed pon the sparkling ring on the third finger of her left hand told the story. That left hand had a busy time. It investigated the lingerie hat poised coquettishly over the face of one no longer young, it made sure that her brooch was fastened, it pulled her silken skirts closer about her, it tightened the straps to her traveling bag sitting in the aisle, and so on indefinitely, occasionally pausing for a caressing glance from the

> tired but beaming eyes. The gay little scintillations from the diamond flashed out the song, "Engaged, engaged, engaged!"-New York

Things That Happen Only Abroad. She was an obvious American, and she brought a breath of hominy into the colfeur's in Hanover street. Said she, "I want you to send a man, right away, down to the Cecil to shingle my

M. Toupet-Madam, I am a colffeur. not a building contractor.-Pall Mall Warning Rim.

"I am sorry," said the poet, "but am obliged to call your attention to the fact that a line in one of my recent compositions was entirely perverted and the meaning painfully distorted

by the compositor."

"Young man," replied the editor, 'that compositor has gone through more poems than you ever wrote or even read. He has put in his life setting up poetry of all kinds, spring and autumn styles and heavier goods for winter. He may have changed your poem, but when you say he harmed it you presume. When a man w his experience makes up his mind to change a piece of poetry a person in your position should not attempt to criticise."

The Art of Glove Cutting. The cutters of the great glove houses in Brussels and in France earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors in London and New York. So difficult is this art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in the business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.

The Poultry Business.

Billfuzz-See that sharp looking man over there? He has made a fortune out of the poultry business. Jubb-Is that so? He doesn't look like a man who raised chickens. Billfuzz-Raise chickens? Of course he doesn't. He writes books telling other people how much they can make by raising them.

Never risk a joke, even the least offensive in its nature and the most common, with a person who is not well bred and possessed of sense to comprehend it.-Bruyere.

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